Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo, Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorne the earth.
Rom. This dayes blacke fate on more daies doth depend,
This but begins the woe others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again.
Rom. He gone in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire and fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe
That late thou gav'st me, for *Mercutio's* soule
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.
Tib. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone,
The Citizens are up, and *Tibalt* slaine:
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kil'd *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tibalt.*
Cit. Up sir, goe with me,
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unluckie mannage of this fatall brall.

There lyes the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio.*
Cap. Wi. Tibalt my cousin, O my brothers childe,
O Prince, O cousin, husband, O the blood is spild,
Of my deare kinsman: Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of *Mountague.*
O cousin, cousin.
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tibalt here slain, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bad him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and urg'd withall
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calme look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleene
Of *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast:
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a martiall scorne with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It backe to *Tibalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part; and swifter than his tongue
His agill arme beats downe their fatall points,
And 'twixt them rushes: underneath whose arme,
An envious thrust from *Tibalt* hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled:
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And too't they goe like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout *Tibalt* slaine,
And as he fell did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* dye.
Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Mountagues*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I begge for justice, which thou Prince must give,